

Take a Seat by CasaByers

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Summary:

Jonathan and Nancy spend a rainy day having fun.

Take a Seat

Nancy had assumed that riding Mike's bike to her boyfriends' house was a good idea, it was overcast but otherwise the weather was nice, and she really wanted to surprise Jonathan. Well by the time she had walked Mike's bike up and onto the Byer's porch and knocked on the front door, she was soaked through. Having gotten caught in a freak downpour. It was still drizzling as she waited for the front door to open. She knew she looked like a drowned rat and the look on Jonathan's face when he had opened the door confirmed it. He ushered her inside and grabbed towels and stopped and told her to just jump in the hot shower, he'd hang her clothes next to the radiator to dry.

So, this is how Nancy found herself with a towel around her head, drying her hair and wearing one of Jonathan's flannels, a red one that was far too big on her. She was warm, cozy and happy. Mainly because he was alone in the house and her plan for surprising him could still go forward.

It wasn't like she had some grand plan, she had just wanted to spend some time with him. And with that thought, Nancy she decided to find Jonathan. When she found him, he was in the kitchen heating up water for tea. Wearing his tight jeans and his striped tight sweater. he was focused on the tea and stuck his tongue out slightly as he read the two boxes they had, trying to decide, she let out a soft sigh at the sight of him.

Jonathan glanced over at her, having heard the sigh, he gave her a gentle smile, "feel better?" he asked.

"yes, thank you," she stepped closer to him, leaned up and pecked his lips, "I'll take the black tea," she whispered.

Jonathan looked her over, he set the boxes down and reached for her, gave her sides a little squeeze and was expecting... well not the reaction he got.

The squeak Nancy made startled even her. Her eyes got wide.

The grin on Jonathan's face grew, his hands on her body pulled her closer.

Nancy's eyes got wide as she saw how mischievous he was acting, "no... no!" she stepped back, she couldn't help but start to laugh, "no!" and she turned and made a break for it.

She could hear Jonathan coming up behind her, in full attack mode, she ran into the only place she thought would be safe, and as she entered his room, she felt him grab her from behind, she let out a loud shriek and they both crashed to the bed.

Jonathan was careful not to crush her as she rolled onto her back and he stayed hovering above her and proceeded to tickle her sides.

Nancy tried to push his hands away, giggling and screaming, her legs were trapped between his knees as he knelt over her.

"Jonathan stop! I can't take anymore!" Nancy finally screamed breathlessly.

Jonathan stopped, he was panting softly. He placed both of his hands next to her head and looked down at her.

She was still giggling still trying to catch her breath. She finally opened her blue eyes and met his brown ones, he had this sparkle in his eye and was grinning sweetly at her.

"You know tickling is a form of torture," Nancy finally said.

Jonathan pouted, "oh no I'm sorry," he moved his head down, buried his face in her neck, kissing her softly, she let him and wrapped her arms around his neck. And then he rolled them both.

He ended up on his back with Nancy on top, she was giggling as she adjusts herself, so she could sit up, and three things happened when she did: his sweater had ridden up, exposing his tummy, Nancy was straddling his hips and as she moved she moved up further, his hands went to her ass to pull her up a bit, he wanted to kiss her again. And as soon as his hands grabbed her ass and pulled her up, Jonathan grunted, Nancy gasped and they both froze.

His hands had contacted her bare ass cheeks and as he moved her up she suddenly straddled his lower tummy. Excitement bubbled up in her as his hands gently flexed around her soft warm flesh. His eyes got darker as he looked her over. Her hands were pressed against his chest... bracing herself. She had failed to mention to him that she wasn't wearing panties under his shirt... and that fact was pointed out to her when his big hands grabbed her ass and she was currently straddling his torso and her pussy was pressed against his tummy just below his belly button.

And she was hot.

And very wet.

She looked into his eyes and bit her bottom lip and then she shifted her hips. She let out a soft sigh and wondered if she looked crazy grinding herself against his tummy like this. But it felt oddly wonderful and his skin was warm, and he wasn't stopping her.

Jonathan was sort of amazed as he watched and felt her... oh god could he feel her, she was hot and wet and decided that she could grind herself on him anytime she wanted to. His hands squeezed her, and he was suddenly so hard in his jeans and he closed his eyes and all he could hear was her soft pants and feel her hotness against him and her hands pressed against his chest and his fingers digging into her ass. He wanted her...

He made up his mind and gently grabbed at her ass and pulled her up.

Nancy was thrown off for a moment, wondering why he wanted her to move further up his chest, she did though. Her hands ended up in his shoulders and then the pillow and she was suddenly sitting on his chest more.

Nancy looked down, puzzled and then she saw him looking down at her... she watched his tongue slip out and she quivered and whimpered.

Jonathan reached up and started to slowly unbutton the shirt. Nancy finished it for him. Letting the flannel drape open and him to look up

the expanse of her body; her flat tummy, her pert small breasts.

He met her eyes, Nancy got up on her knees and allowed him to adjust under her. She ended up with her knees on his pillow and she was essentially straddling his head.

She felt a hot rush flash through her whole body. The want and need for him to touch her was very real. She felt like she was literally dripping wet and that was confirmed when she suddenly felt his hot tongue swipe at her inner thigh, she gasped and looked down and pressed a kiss there.

Nancy needed to brace herself and he didn't have a bed frame, so she leaned against the fabric that hung on the wall, the scratchy material rubbed gently against her flushed skin, her palms were flat against the wall, she pressed her cheek to it and waited.

Jonathan was hard and excited and thirsty. The view from his angle was amazing her little bit of dark hair that covered her mons, her outer pussy lips and then her inner ones, her clit was still hidden... she was incredibly wet, and her scent sent him into overdrive.

He reached down and unzipped his jeans with one and pulled himself free, he sprung out and bobbed a bit before he reached up with his same hand gently ran his fingers along her slit, she whimpered, sunk down and his fingers nearly entered her. But he pulled them away and reached down to start grip his hard dick with his wet fingers.

Nancy peaked down and wondered what on earth he was doing... and why he had stopped.

Jonathan grunted and placed his free hand on her thigh and gently told her to sit.

She was concerned... how much weight? Would he be able to breath?

Her mind went blank for a moment as she settled on his face, her legs were tense as she tried to not crush his head and then she felt his tongue sink deep inside of her. Nancy shuddered, and all her weight was on his face as the pleasure coursed through her. She started to lift herself up and his one hand held her down.

Okay.

Nancy could work with this if he could. She dropped back against the wall and decided to be at his mercy.

Jonathan grunted happily as her sweet juices dripped down his chin, his nose gently brushed her clit and his mouth took her lips in and sucked gently.

She tasted so good, smelled so good.

Nancy was in shock. Jonathan going down on her was her favorite thing... he always focused on everything and left her wanting more, more, more.... but this. Maybe it was the angle maybe it was how she was pressed against his head.

She shifted her hips and suddenly her clit was being sucked.

Nancy's jaw fell open and her soft panting turned into loud moaning and whimpers.

Jonathan enthusiastically suckled her clit and held her place with his hand against her ass cheek. His other hand was gripping his hard dick and giving it quick strokes that matched his tongue lapping at her slowed as he sucked her clit.

Nancy pushed off the wall and tried to support some of her weight on her own legs as he sucked and licked. She tipped her head back and started to play with her own nipples, tweaking them whimpering. She was close.

Jonathan could tell she was close and he sped up his strokes as her breathing got faster.

The orgasm hit Nancy hard. She would have collapsed back if he didn't have his hand pressed to her back holding her up and against his mouth. Nancy's back arched and a broken scream left her mouth, she gently fell against the wall which kept her clit perfectly in his mouth as he sucked her through the orgasm.

Jonathan felt Nancy cum, it was hot and potent as it touched his tongue. That and her shuddered gasps took him to the edge and he

came. He felt his own cum hit his belly as his hips jerked up.

Nancy's hand went down and to his hair and gently stroked as she shuddered softly and enjoyed the gentle aftershocks. He finally let her collapse back and she landed with her head and back on his mattress, one of her legs still across his chest, one knee bent.

Jonathan glanced at her, rested his arm across her tummy, his hand lightly rested at the center of her chest.

"Wow." Nancy said as she panted softly.

"Yeah... that was fun." Jonathan said as he grinned at her.

Nancy looked at him and then rested her head on his mattress, she moved her hand and gently took his, that was resting on her chest, in hers, she squeezed his fingers.

"I need to get cleaned up and get you your tea," Jonathan said as he started to gently move her leg from his chest.

Nancy let him, and she sat up herself and crawled closer to him to press a soft kiss to his lips, "I know my clothes aren't dry yet, so I guess I'm stuck here for the rest of the night?" she asked.

Jonathan's eyes widened slightly as he seemed to realize what that meant. "yes."

Fin

Author's Note:

I hope this was fun, if not, that is okay! R&R (who says that anymore?)